

SCEPCKE IS PRICE

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AN ADVENTURE JOURNAL OF A NEVER-ENDING CELEBRATION

SCÉPÈR IS FREE

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IT'S HARD TO LOVE SOMETHING YOU NEVER KNOWN. IT'S HARD TO
CONVINCE YOURSELF TO FIGHT FOR SOMETHING YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE
HAS EVER EXISTED
"Derrick Jensen Endgame"

SCENERY IS FREE is a D.I.T (Do It Together) punk rock fanzine. My friends keep telling me “punk is dead” but for me the ideas stay alive. Writing fanzine is one of the medium to make a change as you’re in the punk band or join the demonstration. If we do not aware about how fucked up capitalism how come Mc Donald at Central Market in Kuala Lumpur was close for good. We want every fast food restaurants in the city shut down one by one.

The stories I wrote is about my accounts of living like refugee in world I was born and rised. I don’t feel save lives in this world. We have CCTV and Coca-cola billboards everywhere we go and we have to carry the ID all the time. I sell this product to you about RM4 per copy and money from this product you buy goes to my next project to publish Scenery Is Free on book format. I warn you; don’t buy this product if you don’t need and not because your friends have one or the cover look cool.

This fanzine will not change your life unless you want to change your life. I know how to find free food, live for free and I have no clue how to get out all of it. By pelting the paint bombs at Star Buck’s window or stealing free the Internet wireless to communicate with your lover won’t change the world. At least we’re fucking trying. What about you my friend? It’s up to you.

INTRODUCTION

SCENERY IS FREE#3 was written spontaneously when Evans came back to England from his months of travels throughout South East Asia. Before he left the country, he swore to me that once he comes back he won’t pay the rent anymore. At the time, I didn’t have access to a computer of my own so I would make the effort to go to the local public libraries to write all these stories so I can share my secret skills and wild ideas with you guys.

As a “drop-out” world traveler, I spent most of my time on free rides, squats, and even under some freeways in Europe. Believe it not, all of these stories were written in different public libraries in several cities there. Some of these libraries had me pretending to be a student so I can use the computers for free. At a university in Basel, Switzerland, I walked in without any problem - thanks to the people who worked there who must have thought I was one of the students. Probably it’s because of the way I looked; backpack, long-hair etc.

Early 2008 was an unbelievably crazy period for me - I went through so many horrible things such as problems at the English borders and when my bullshit housemate stole my money - the money I was saving for so long to buy myself a laptop.

My mom’s bracelet was stolen as well. She gave that to me just before she passed away. I’m not from a wealthy background, just a very poor working class family.

I believe if people know how to live conscientiously and respect the others, we wouldn't need the police or prisons. I would rather die stealing cooperate shit than ripping off my friends' stuff.

Human beings as they are now are prone to be suckers, destroyers and killers.

IMPORTANT NOTES FOR DEAR READER

they don't notice my sweater.

Tony Blair lose his election and I win not pay nothing. I brought my own food and drink at the party. They are also brought their own foods, foods, beers and wines. There have vegan barbecues and we share our foods and stories as our ancestors hijack the jungle for shelter and grow vegetables to survive not for profit. However, that mean each folk can share with others like community who live on by consuming oriental and we liberate our life to against the system.

The world we are gathering now. We believe on freedom, equality and solidarity. This gathering makes everyone respect what we do and what we want for our interests. Its really matter for our life. Mostly people I met here they're all my best friends. We have really good fun and we can know each other very well.

I let them know about having dinner at our squat. If they want to come for the meal. A birthday boy won't come for dinner because he already have plan with his girlfriend and some of my friends want to come for dinner. All my housemates are vegetarian and vegan too. Normally the dishes we cook are vegan and mostly our friends are vegan and vegetarian.

We went to the nearest Indian shop from our house to get some fresh vegetables for cooking. When we have leisure time we will go the vegetable market at downtown to collect threw away vegetables like broccoli, mushroom, tomato, avocado, cauliflower so on. Sometimes they won't give us the vegetable and warned us "go away and get the job mate". I don't give a shit about it and I still go there to collect free food. I am really upset to rubbish men because they don't take food to bring home they just threw over to dumpster and locked. I cooked Thai green curry serve with brown rice and we have lovely gathering on that night. We shared our funny stories that happen to us on the past.

The end on spring I used this park to start by seeding sunflowers. I seed everywhere at the abandoned ghetto park around my city. When I buried and seed I could see bunch of students was passed by from university to home and look at me like a stranger. I asked my friend to watch my sunflowers and send me some pictures. I promise her I will come back here before autumn on this year.

When I back home she didn't send pictures of my sunflower and made me feel wretched. I came back when autumn appealed to see my sunflower and all of them gone. It's made me really sad. I want to see all my sunflowers grow up pretty healthy. I never give up and I want to grow it again.

AFTERWORLD

I would like to say thank you very much to all who bought and read my fanzines. Super extra thanks to Joe Kidd of Ricecooker for lending me his laptop to write and finish up this fanzine.

Anyway, I'm stuck in Kuala Lumpur for almost eleven months since I came back from Europe. I have plenty of time but unfortunately no money to travel.

Come late 2008, I'll be going to Borneo (Sabah) with Joe's band Carburetor Dung. I've never been to Sabah before and I'd love to go there. I want to spend my time touring with them and hang out with the kids.

After that I may get a long distance bicycle and cycle around the countryside, probably go down to Sarawak and then hitchhike or take a boat to Kalimantan (South Borneo).

If anyone over there has a place for me to stay, do contact me. I will cook vegan food for you guys! Promise!

Do keep in touch: sceneryisfree@yahoo.com.

Have a nice life and stay dangerous!

Here's my temporary address by snailmail:

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50200 Kuala Lumpur
MALAYSIA

Send me a letter about anything interesting going on and happening in your town like scamming, shoplifting, abandoned houses, free coupon buffets, free airplane tickets, free maps etc.

Secret is sweet but sharing is sweeter.

"Why so quite tonight " I asked Ruth.

Because they spent plenty of money on Christmas presents and students went away" she replied to me.

I go back home very early about 12:00 am. On the way to home I saw bunch of kids find out beer it's a tool to entertain them. I walked so fast and I hid my hand in the pocket to cover from the cold. I open the door and the light at living room was on. I saw Isabel and Luke watching a movie.

"I have to go to bed and good night" I told them.

I try to close my eyes to sleep but I couldn't. I speak to myself on dark night companion by moonlight and tomorrow is New Year eve and the day after is New Year.

From ten minutes walk to our house it's one of my favorite public park called Hype Park. I used to go there to take a walk, and skateboard when the weather was great. During spring time you can see bunch of people come over here for picnic, play football and making love. Wherever I go everything look pretty and wonderful. I love my small town because people keep this place green.

I hate winter and summer but I love spring and fall. I already experienced two years of the changing seasons in Europe and sometimes it made me feel miserable especially in winter. It made me want to return home. I missed my wooden house and the hot weather in winter. I never saw snow in my entire life except in pictures. Right now, I see winter and feel the cold. Anyway, in my small town back home there is only the hot season and the rainy season. That's it. I love hot weather and hate the cold. Some people love winter and hate summer.

On cold March 2007, we have a feast at Burley Park behind the railway where I took a train to 1in12 club in Bradford without paying the ticket. I got an invitation from Paul and he is a friend of mine want me to come to the park to celebrate his birthday. I'm quite often went to his house for dinner. Sometimes they come to my house for dinner as well. Every weekend or days off we have lovely gathering on different dishes and we also exchange our skill on cooking as well.

I don't know why he choose park to celebrate his birthday. They think park is better than house or restaurant . And you can see the world as wide as possible. I went there quite late. On the way to the supermarket to steal some organic coffee for my morning breakfast and I encounter a friend of mine who just came back from the birthday party. He said to me the party still on. I bought some orange juice and I stole some organic coffee and some vegan chocolate. It wrapped nicely that thing with my sweater. On my left hand I hold my sweater contain coffees and chocolates and my right hand I hold some orange juice to pay at the cash counter. I walked out the supermarket without hassle and

I take out the bike with me and started to cycle to the pub. I couldn't push up the pedal properly because the wind attack me on the front. My hand gets frozen and my nose gets frozen too. I landed got at the pub around 6:00 pm. It was very quiet and not many people in the pub and just random people. Perhaps later it will be busy I guess. We gets nine-employee working tonight and they are all my friends. I do my job to collect the empty glasses, dishwashing and restock the beers. There was no stressful and I felt like nobody at the pub merely myself and glasses. I work there twice a week sometimes they will call me to replace someone if they get ill or absent. I'm under waiting list. I do love my job and it is an easy job.

I love to work at this pub, which I can meet so many kind of people here such as student, working class, bourgeois etc. I met a lot folks here and most of them are very nice but when they get drunk most of them are so fucked up. I met an old man that lived in this city. I met him from time to time when I worked. He is a pianist. He showed me how to play piano and he plays piano very talented.

"I don't know how to play any instruments even piano but I like listening the music. And I love write the stories" I told him.

"What are doing here?" He asked me.

"I came here to the UK for traveling and doing shitty job for little money." I told him.

"Brilliant, very interesting" he told me.

"It's my life sir" I told him.

My mission of travels to meet real people and I don't care about English weather. I thought tonight must be worse day but didn't what I expected. I keep my hand busy to clear glasses on the table.

I was focused on my sake and suddenly I heard someone call my name and I turn around he was David. I haven't seen him quite long time. I think the last time I saw him two months ago and we became my close friend now. He more older than me and he not look old enough. He came from Hull north of England. He just broke up with his wife a year ago. He doesn't have kid. He didn't go to his wife's house for Christmas. He just came back from Hull to visit his family on yesterday. He lived with his cat and he showed me the picture of his cat on the phone. The pictures he showed me it remind me of Robby.

FREE FOOD FOR EVERYONE

This fanzine you read now it not quite so personal, in great measure because I love to travel so much as shitty multinationals company love to throw toxic in the river. The world we live now is wide open for commodity and business. Maybe, sooner or later we will not allow to travels anymore. We just stay at home, work and consume. They fit our life schedule that meant we don't have time to think about environment, human and animal because we always busy with our own sake.

By the way, at this memoir I don't want to talk too much about my adventures such as where I'm going, what I'm doing or who I hang with. However, I guess, everywhere I go in Europe is quite similar like scenery, landscapes, food comes from microwaves or beer comes from aluminum as primitive people get water from the river. Primitive people could wander everywhere they want without getting hassle. They have beautiful life and our lives was depression and boredom. Maybe I'm wrong or maybe not. It's all up to you.

I would like to give some spaces to America adventure kids to write their same stories we already know such as dumpster diving in America, hang up with same people in America or hopping freight trains in America too.

As you know, most working class folks from Leeds to Bradford or middle class to upper class folks from York to London agree is time run up very fast as rapid long-distance communications in our society. Spring to summer and summer to autumn and autumn to winter went so quick.

The sky was pretty great and too cold to go out. Yet better I stay at home and drinking hot coffee to keep me warm. I went to kitchen to find something I could eat. She came over to me and she wants me to cook noodles soup.

"Again". I said to her again. I don't know why she loves my cooking because cooking noodles are simple. We put the cloths on then we went to the Indian shop just on the corner at our house. We bought three packs of noodle, tomato, and mushrooms. We put our share on it. The Indian guys who work there knew me very well and I can pay later if I short some penny. They're more into on hip hop.

She very excited and wants to teach her how to cook noodles and she says mine much better than her. She gave me a hand to chop some onion, some garlic, some mushrooms and some tomato for the main ingredient. "I heat the pot and pour two-tea spoon of cooking oil. I throw the garlic and onion and let them for while and wait until the smell comes up. After that, throw all the vegetables and fried them for one minute. Pour the water into the pot and wait until boiled and then put the noodles for six minutes and enjoy them". Very easy.

I like her English dishes for us every sunday night when she get free time. it was very delicious but not spicy. She pissed off to me because I spoiled with add some pepper and chili sauces on her dishes. We enjoyed our each other dishes. The daytime went so fast. The sky was grey and people passed by look moody. I went to her room and let her know I'm off for work.

"I'm working tonight at the pub and you could come around later too. If get bored" I told her"

"Of course, I will be there with Luke for a couple pints" she said to me.

"Sounds good, see you later then" I told her.

Tonight, I'm going to work so early than usually. Luke, Isabel, and me have a plan tomorrow night go to downtown to celebrate New Year and they want to see fire works as well.

"I don't know what time I am going back home. Maybe, I go back home very late rely on the work" I told her.

On December 2007, it was the worst winter slammed in our small town on a day before Christmas Eve. We never dealt with it before. Dingo, Alex and me just came back from our friend's house for drinks. And on the way to home we spontaneous stopped by at the our regular bins looking something what we could cook for tomorrow. We found load of vegan fancy breads, fresh organics vegetable, soymilks and fruits. Dingo took a trolley and we put all the stuff on it. And we headed home very happy. The food we have tonight and it could feed us at least two weeks and we don't need spend any penny on that period.

We practice the skill of revolution on our everyday life not based on consumerism. If we have a big lorry we want to share the food what we get and we will wake up the entire folks in this city and we want to make a big feast. People from executive to homeless can come and eat for free.

"What we are going to do with these things" I asked them.

"We could give some of them to our neighbors or invite some friends for the dinner" He beamed. I help him out to load the food into the trolley.

"Good work" I told to him.

When I took off the key in my pocket to open the door, suddenly the white snow reach upon my long hair, my hand was freezing and our free food wrapped up by white snow. We push the trolley into the house. And we put the food on the table before we manage properly. Sometimes I don't understand about people wasting the food rather than sharing. This idea comes from the capitalist idiot. It's the best night I ever have in my entire life.

I took the stuff from the trolley and separate them into three categories. One for our house and the other for friends and our lovely neighbor. A day after we sneaked into the abandoned house our next door knocked to our house and gave us vegetarian foods as a homage to us living for free. They knew we squatted and we didn't have any problem with them. They were very supportive people. I sat down on the chair at the kitchen room for a cup of tea while my friend went upstairs for a shower and I started realizing about my life and how much time I was truly chasing happiness in my life than other people. We are getting older and our parents are getting sick.

A few friends of mine went back to the land where they came from. They lived in the city for so long. It was the right time for them to go back to their land to look after their parents and settle down. This is the real thing I dealt with everyday in my life and feel bliss being part of it. I'm turning 31 years old this year. And I felt a little bit scared about my age crisis. I remember when people said, "Age is just a number or state of mind" but for me what Ian Mackaye quoted "its not how old I am, its how old I feel". Otherwise, I don't give a shit about it. I love pursuing happiness and joy in my life. It's very important for me. I spent the whole of my life on the road meeting amazing people who love to share secrets. Every single thing I do is under the influence of my interests and my pleasure.

December is a cold season in England but is a hot season in my hometown. I feel like going back home and come back here again on spring or summer. I couldn't struggle anymore in winter because it is so fucking freezing. Christmas time is over but people still hang out with their parents. Some student will go back to university and some employees will go back to work on three days after New Year. At the place where I lived back to normal and heap of students will going back to university soon.

Winter the best time for young kids to taking off for traveling especially to warm or cheap country like South America or Southeast Asia. I got a phone call from a friend of mine she offers me to work on a day before New Year eve at the pub and she pay me double. That's cool. I will do that. Anyways, I got an email from Evan and he was coming back home on late of January on next year and dingo was coming back home on April next year as well. Luke, Isabel and me were at home. She didn't spend her New Year celebration with parents and she wanted to celebrate New Year with Luke in this city. Luke is her boyfriend. I went to a computer room to reply my friend's email. I went to bed very early and I don't know where Luke and Isabel been.

At this morning, I woken up about 11:00 am and I saw Isabel concentrate used the "Myspace" to check the inbox of email. She makes sure all the email been answered. It was one of fame website for young people to keep in touch with their friends. She had a lot of friends over the globe. I made some hot coffee for her and me. We drink together while eating some brown bread that was found in the bin. I washed up the dishes and I went to the bathroom to take the shower. She still there surfing the Internet. I don't know how long she going to finish it. I like her so much and she help me when I have no money to come back to the UK.

I HAVE A FRIEND NAMED ROBBY

**A DAY BEFORE NEW YEAR EVE
AND HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Emily cooks some vegan food for me. They separated vegan food and non-vegan food. I ate vegetables grill, garlic breads and potato soups. The dishes she cooked for me very delicious. Besides that she prepare Christmas cake but I couldn't eat. They got egg and dairy on it. Her grand mom didn't feel aliened on me because I don't consume animal products and she has some good vegan friends too. In England vegan lifestyle very common and they have so many vegetarian and vegan café. Nowadays, a lot of people started awareness about slaughter on animal's even punk kids too.

Anyway, I had had really great conversation with them and they are very kind and friendly especially her grand mom. Emily's grand mom never been Southeast Asia but she would like to go there if she have a chance. Emily's aunty and uncle had been to India and Southeast Asia as well but they never across to Malaysia. Emily and Adam went to Malaysia when I was in the UK. They want to know my next traveling. I don't know yet, I love to travel again if I have little money. I want to pursue my second dream to travel the trans-Siberian from Russia to China via Mongolia. It's my dream since I was a little kid.

I hate planning, if I make a plan it always failed and I prefer spontaneous. Emily's house is very comfortable with central heating like several public libraries in Europe I sneaked in. I love to hang out with Emily's family. I don't realize outside was dawn and I had to go home. Luke wants to be there any minutes for cooking punk pizza for us. I got home about 5.00pm but he wasn't there. Two hours later he rang me and told me the dinner had been cancelled. I have no problem at all. While I was laid down on the soft sofa where i used to sleep. At this squat was wheat-pasted from kitchen wall to toilet wall with old punk fliers and posters. Likewise, the furniture, stereo, computer displayed in living room was found in the bin. There have bunch of strangers and punk bands came here for free accommodations or tours and that house also like a resort for every hardcore/punk kids not for hippies. Municipal Waste one of the band who to stay in the squat.

I heard the phone ringing and then I pick up the phone and I recognize that voice. That's Kate my ex-girlfriend calling from London. She want me come to London to celebrate Christmas with her.

"Sorry Kate I really want to go there but I don't have any money to pay the train ticket so expensive and it would cost me double. I whisper to her on the phone that I would like to see her before I go back to my hometown" I told her.

We both agreed to meet up somewhere in London or Amsterdam. I'm so glad to hear from her. The way she spoke to me that sound like she had really good life.

"Hope we keep in touch" I told her on the phone.

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New year" I said to her. I can't wait to see her again.

It's my second night I was at home by myself again. I don't know what to do and all my friends at the parent's house and some of them went away to warm countries for escape. I read some books and watch some movies then I went to bed very early than usually. I couldn't sleep on that night because I felt a little bit homesick. I was thinking so much about my life and what i am going to do next. I love what I am doing now and I don't want to look back. I know something beautiful waiting for me out there. If something it makes me fun I want do that. I switch off the light and I went to the bed. The world I live was polluted by the street light not by moonlight. I'm alone not lonely.

Fanzine and traveling the whole my life as a big billboard in your city converts you to buy the lottery. They say, "one day you can be a fucking millionaire". From this story I wrote, I love to share my romantic life having conversations and living with lovely non-human animal being named Robby. He is a cat. Sounds pretty weird to write the stories about a cat and myself. I stayed with him on winter 2007. I knew him quite while and we used to live together in the same squat for several months before he moved out in difference house.

During my experience I can presumed he have plenty of adventure stories and we could share with you guys. I never ask Emily and Adam how long Robby have been in the U.K. According my quick analysis, I though he was living in this country so many years before I came here and he quite understand human behaviors that surrounds him on every day life. If he can write a novel or poems or even talk I want to smuggle him through the trans-Siberian's on winter and we can hang out with the nomad people in Mongolia or the Semai Tribe. "Semai Tribe" they're one of a nonviolent tribe that is still alive in Malaysia. Moreover, I want to give him the power to freely speak to the people all over the world. He can explain to them that killing humans or non-human animals being are wrong.

Emily and Adam, they're very lovely married couple I ever met. And they're my best friends too. We know each other very well. I came to England for traveling and I ended up stay with my friends who live in squat. On that time I was at the kitchen eating my breakfast. They showed up and shake hands with me. It's my first time I met them and we live together at the squat for months before I went back to my hometown and they moved out to new house with Robby.

They have a plan to go to Spain for a short holiday and they want me to look after their house and Robby as well. A week before they want to go to Spain. They have disaster because Emily lost her passport and they loss their money for the airplane tickets. It though they cancelled the trip but they still carry on the holiday. They didn't go to Spain but they choose to go to Cornwall for their holiday.

Cornwall is one of my favorite places in England. I have been there before and I want to go there again if i have little money and free accommodation. They went to Cornwall by van and they could sleep wherever they want. "If you like to see green space or beautiful scenery. I warned them don't ride on the motorway. You guys should drive through the countryside and don't care how long the journey taking for which, you can see a lot of thing that you never see before" I recommended to them. Have a nice trip and have fun.

Whatever you do ask your heart and follow your feeling. Living in the sophisticated world very hard to evasion for work but some people try to avoid and good for them. the other word I need some money to pay electric bills, having dinner with my lover, travels, foods and go to gig to support the local or foreign band tours in my city. Honestly, I'm not from middle or upper class families. My mother and father are simple working people and they had taught me a lot about life.

I work 5 hours to 15 hours a week and the other hand I have so many thing I can do for myself. I'm very lucky because I live pretty cheaply. I don't own fast car or TV cable. I ended up work at hotel as a housekeeper for two hours or three hours a day relying on how busy they are. I get well pay and I don't get cut shit tax system. I'm so happy to work there and the people are so kind. My friend is the owner of the hotel I was working. She was very friendly. When I work there I felt like everyone was equal and autonomy.

Some people hate doing shitty job or maybe they realize it's not standard for them. I don't know what are they want in their life are stressful jobs or happiness or both. It take long time for me to figure out what they want. They're confused between the quality of life and depression. I can watch advertises on the TV for 24 hours but sorry I won't buy your product. Whenever we go in the cities displayed by billboard taste of cloths, sort drinks and sport cars poisoned us to buy the shit we don't need. If you have a job that means you have money, what are going to do where you going to the supermarket unless you purchase it.

I could see the lovely sunny day through the window of my workplace. When the sun appears, people at the bar off for smoke while enjoy the sunshine. Today I just work three hours and not much to do and very busy on weekend and school holiday as well. I make up a plan to do something I don't decide yet. I grabbed my bike, then cycling along the Hype Park and accompany by beautiful sunshine. Most people in this planet go the work the job they hate. I think people don't know the meaning of work. I heard some people say, "Fuck work". I need a job to support my expenses because I am not come from wealthy family. You had to find a job it makes you enjoy and have enough time with someone you love and interests. What do you want? Money or stressful or third "die".

There was strong wind against me and when I was struggling to keep my legs and push up the pedal to pass the hill to downtown. I get an idea what I need to do beside that. I have to go for "skipping". I cycled my bike go straight to place to skip I knew. It never

I woke up very early about 9:00 am. It's the earliest time that I had woke up since I lived in England. I had never woke up this early before. I look at through the window sky was pretty blue and lovely day. I got up from the bed and I took a quick shower because I can't wait to go out to enjoy the sunshine. I went to kitchen to make a couple coffees for myself while I was listening several songs from Zounds and Chubawamba. When I turned on the radio and the Christmas songs come up and I couldn't stand it. I turned on to my music back.

I went to Emily and Adam's house to celebrate for Christmas. People in this city wish Marry Christmas to everyone. Everyone I met on the street wishes marry Christmas to me even a homeless or a stranger. They live not far from the house where I lived. From their house I could see Adam through the window kitchen while he was prepared the delicious foods for m and others visitors. And he saw me and waving his hand to me. They open the door for me and they gave me big hug.

I brought the present for them. I hope they love it. From birthday to Christmas I always brought them book. We have similar interests on book and don't get me wrong because of my deep passion for books. And I'm not saying that reading book better than watching TV but it's true. Robby came close to me and wanted me to hug him. He's very clever cat. Emily introduced me to her mom and her mom's boy friend, her grand mom, her uncle and aunty. I met her mom before about several weeks ago. I came to their house quite often for tea, coffee and dinner as well. In this house not many people around just Emily's family, Adam and me.

disappointed me at all. I leaned my bike at the fence without locking it. I look around the skip no one behind the store. I had a rucksack on me whenever I go. I want people to realize that I'm a student not a tourist. I open the skip's cap slowly and I dive in. I found loads of food like vegetables, vegan breads, and organics rice. I put all the things I need in my bag and they are still on good conditions. I figure out all of that make my stomach full for one week or more. Anyway, my bagpack was over weight and I had to go home before they catch me or i will get fucked. I don't know how to ride because I get three things to carry on one time. My rucksack was full of food and I put one plastic bag on my left hand and another one plastic bag on my right hand. I couldn't ride the bike properly because too much stuff on me and weather so fucking freezing.

I stopped at the sidewalk and sort it out. I keep cycling and I felt uncomfortable and my handle was shaking. I decide to walk and I know the short cut way to get home. I walked through the park, peaceful and quiet. I noticed the small town I lived have so many green spaces. Where I past the hill it's remained me a story of my friends wanted to share with you guys. "On the gorgeous day of summer time. It was very colorful of blossoms and beautiful views from the top of hill. Two young men and one young girl have no money and broke but they really want to get drunk.

She gave them an idea to get free beer by skipping.

"Well, sounds great" he said to her.

"Let's do it, what are we waiting for?" he said to them.

They went straight behind the supermarket for skip and found plenty of beers, wines and foods. At underneath the tree on the top of hill three young guys made feast for free food and drink. They believe there had a way to find something for free. It took me about 20 minutes to go home. I'm so tired and I need to rest for while motherfucker.

I poured water in the kettle for tea. Most people in England love drinking tea not coffee but I love both. I switch on the heater to keep me warm. I ate some bread before I cook my dinner. Working class in England the word "lunch" is illegal to say front them and they only say is dinner all the time. I found the note on the kitchen table from Emily and Adam say:

"Hey dude!

Just a quick note: Can you please:

Give Robbie two packs, some biscuits and fresh water everyday.

Turn off anything you're not using especially heating and computer extension cable (round red thing in room).

Water the tallest don't everyday so it's standing in water.

Please keep gate locked all the time.

Cheers, enjoy the warmth and space, have a good week and we'll have tea on Saturday when we get back.

Love dude, thank again.

Adam+Emily

P.S "Eat what you want especially the fruit and veggie".

They went to Cornwall early morning before I wake up. That's why my friends complaint too much about me because I sleep too much. I don't know why, maybe the weather made me feel lazy to get up. I think they are jealous on me because they spend more hours on the workplace and they could achieve it merely on weekends.

MERRY FUCKING X-MAS

Believe it or not! Robby and me stay in the house. Emily and Adam went to Cornwall for holiday. Robby went out and I have no clue where he been and socialize. I just notice he come back home when he get cold or hungry. He is adventure cat and rarely stays at home and go out all the time. I make a cup of tea and sat down on the chair enjoy my drink while I play some punk bands from the computer. In this house get no television. Today the first day I stay with Robby. It was very nice house and more comfortable than my castle. It's always freezing and partying. To be honest, I could not sleep last night because he slept next to me and made horrible snoring. I have no idea what happen to him past few days.

It was wet and unexpectedly cold. I grabbed a raincoat that I found at the sidewalk of student accommodations on last summer. During summer, the ground of university where I lived like a night market in Bangkok. There are heap of cloths, can foods, stereos and so on. They are threw away everything they don't want. you can come here and take anything you want for free. A friend of mine found a fancy Nokia mobile phone in dumpster come with charger and they worked and it was a brand new too.

I put the raincoat on and I walked up the hill to the squat where I live to take my teeth brush and towel. On my way to the squat I stop by at the Chinese take away to buy my favorite fat chips and I hope someone is at home. I saw Luke and Isabel at the kitchen table while enjoyed listen the songs from Bad Religion. He love this band as fuck. I gave them some chips and some take home with me. I took all my thing I want . I went straight to Emily's house to make sure Robby was fine. I walked quicker to go home. He was alone at home alone. I don't want let him play outside without me at home. I take the responsibility if something happen to him. I don't want see him get sick. I opened the gate he already waited for me and he came sat on my lap. Good cat! I kiss him as we both are equal and we have same feeling as well. He knows I love him. I'm so starving and I have to cook. Then I went to kitchen find out what kind of dishes I need cook to. I still have a vegan Indian curry powder by stolen and some old vegetables were found in dumpster on yesterday. I cooked a simple vegan vegetables Chinese curry with tofu and rice. I love cooking for people and I'm really enjoyed eating with friends or people I never meet. Cooking done, dish washing done. I make a couple teas while listening chill music from the radio and my eyes gazed at Robby clawed the kitchen door means he want to go out.

"Please don't go out there was too cold." I warned him as a friend before I open the door. And he won't listen to me but he still clawing the door and I let him go. Ten minutes later, he climbed on the ladder and sat in front the window hoping I could see him. I let him in and he looked at me like he wants to apologize. I went to bed so early and I heard uproars from the kitchen room, I thought it was come from my next neighbor. And the voices traveled close to my bedroom suddenly I got up went to the kitchen. It's my friend's cousin with his friends came here for the rock concert at a local university in the city. I met him twice before I went back to Kuala Lumpur. I let them at the kitchen then I went back to bed to sleep. Good night.

I woke up a little bit early this morning but I couldn't beat him up and he is the one who wakes up first than me. I went to the kitchen to feed him and replaced the water bowl then I saw four boxes of pizza on the table and one of them uneaten and a half bottle of beer, Maybe they left for me but I don't consume dairy product and drink beer as well.

who like to play any music they want and they could bring their own instruments here as well for jamming sections. It's a great place to hang out and relax.

I'm off from work at 2:00 am. I put on my thick jacket and stand by to go home.
"How you get home?" Ruth asked me. She is the owner of this pub and she very nice and always helps me out when I broke.

"I'm walking." I told her.

"If you don't mind I can give you a lift." She said to me.

"Thank you, I'm fine by walk." I replied to her very confident.

"Okay, take care and good night." she said to me.

"Good night and see you soon." I replied to her.

She drove home by her friends and I walk up to hill to go home just myself underneath the stars. Sometimes I offered myself to give a lift when I tired or rely on the weather. I don't expect the weather tonight extremely cold and very windy. I walked like a robot. I didn't see anybody on the street even a homeless. Maybe they stayed at home with parents because tomorrow is a big day to Christian.

My mind always wants me go to Chinese restaurant nearby my house to buy fat chips and pour the spicy green curry on the top. It's my favorite ones. Everyone in my house loves spicy foods. I remembered how it happened one year ago. We celebrate my friend birthday party three months before his birthday because he was going to Southeast Asia for the punk band touring. We called it "chips party" he bought three packs of fat chips and i brought organic vegan mayonnaises I stole from a big supermarket in my town. Then I made a sauce from mixing Thai sweet chili with vegan mayonnaises by moving a spoon. If we want get more fat chips we have to be there like ten minutes before they shut down the shop. They will give you loads of chip it like a mountain. It's the secret skills we applied when we broke and its work. So fucking wonderful.

British people love spicy foods not like in France. I took a short cut way home through the dark alley behind the Hype Park Cinema. At least i could protect myself from cold windy by block by block. When I get there nobody at home just my self. I switch on the light at living room. I'm so happy the area I live was silence and I couldn't listen any load music anymore from my next wealthy students neighborhood. If they were there, they will make party. We are one of young revolutionary kids who lives for free of charge and the others people pay a lot of money for living. I threw my rucksack on the sofa and hang my cloths behind the back door. I turn on the kettle. I made a couple teas for myself while I wait the water get boiling. Meanwhile, at the same time I prepared sauces for fat chips as well. I played Bjork's song on the stereo to entertain me on Christmas night. This is my first time in my entire life I ate chips by myself and normally I eat with my housemates and I felt like a family. I went to the bed very late tonight and I prepared two presents for Emily and Adam on Christmas gift. They are my best friends ever. Marry fucking Christmas. I don't know how many Zionist people kill Palestinian and how many America soldier kill Iraqi people on sacred day?. fuck their nationalist.

I open the front door before Robby clawed the door. I just let him go and he can do what he wants. And I could do anything I want even doing nothing. My friend's cousin and his friends gone. Robby chill out somewhere i don't know and he let me at home alone. Days became nights, birds flew back to the nest and bring some food to them could eat. Every late night supermarket in my city was open and trash seekers looking the food behind the shop. I have no idea what they do with their waste and build them by spike fence. Of course, they know feeding needy people is good and waste the food is bad. Robby was outside looking for freedom and I'm not looking anything and just get out all of shit. I found some vegetables in freezer it fine to cook pasta for dinner. I love cook and eat my own meal. I hate five minutes ready food from supermarket and heat them in microwave then eat it. Hence, people lives in the sophisticated world have no time for cook and busy all the time like our parents send us to kindergarten and gave us some money to play video game at the Arcade. Where you look at the primitive people they had much time to entertain their family like playing folks music or read poems to their children .

Robby gazed at me meaningful. Maybe he want to say something to me like "please don't go outside it was freezing and raining". I guess. He companioned me to living room for relax. He sat on the sofa. And I sat down on the bench while writing some postcard to send to my friends in Malaysia and Holland. When I turn around he already slept and i leave him alone, then the house phone rung up and I pick it up it was Emily. She rang me from Cornwall. They arrived at Cornwall on several minutes ago and just want to says hello to Robby and me as well. She wants to make sure we are okay. I speak nicely to her and convince her we are all right.

"Don't worry about us and we are fine" i said to her on the phone. And our conversation not too long. I'm keep doing my own things and he still slept on the sofa. I looked at my fancy tiny London tower clock that i found at the hotel. This one belongs by Chinese tourist who forgot to take it. That clock showed me one o'clock and I have to go to bed. Good night. Shit! I waken up on the spot on mid night. Robby made me wake up because he slept next to me and he is snoring again. I don't care maybe I did sometimes. We slept together at the same bed and we really good friend. I switch off the light and wish good night to Robby hope to see you again tomorrow.

Today was sunny but a little bit colder; I heat my last night pasta for the late breakfast. I had a plan to go out for skipping but I had have bad experience which a old lady warning me don't come here again but I will come back again when my stock run up. I replaced his food and water. I clean up the dishes in the sink and I swept the floor and finally I drink tea. He came close to me and he thought I don't know what he means.

He persuades me to open the door to let him go to play outside. Maybe he want to meet his friends or tell them some stories. I'm not pretty sure he get human and non-human friends or not but I haven't seen him with any one of that. He never invites someone or introduce to me. He did the same thing again sat the ladder and clawed the kitchen window to get in. Maybe he is hungry, when you infatuated of game and make you forget eating. He wants go out again for fun and it's my second time I warned him "please do not play outside because it's too cold". He didn't make any sounds like he disagree with me but he just walk out and let me alone at the kitchen room. I warned him in my language not in English. I hope he understand me what i said to him even I speak on different

All my housemates went back home to visit their parents for Christmas and New Year as well. Jon went to United State with his girlfriend on difference plane. Dingo went to down south of England for Christmas things, Isabel went to north of England for Christmas things too. Isabel want me come to her a small town for Christmas but I couldn't afford because the train ticket so expensive. Luke hang out with me a day before Christmas Eve and he came back home again on Christmas day because he want to invite us to come to his punk rock pizza.

A week before Christmas Eve, Adam and Emily rang me.
"What I am going to do on Christmas day?" He asked me.
"I have no clue what to do and I get no plan too". I told him

They want me to come to their house on Christmas day. They know no one at squat just myself. Every weekend I worked at my friend pub as a "dishwasher and glass collector". A lot of my punk friends work there as well. people who work at the pub so cool and sometimes drunken people drive me crazy. Some people come to pub want buy me a drink. They shocked I told them I don't drink and they thought it was weird to not drinking.

Anyway, They felt aliened on me. All my friends I knew who work at the bar love drinking but I'm not. I met some people and we become good friends, they came here quite often for chill out and drink. When I work here I met a lot of people. This pub I work now have new rule that don't allow people smoking inside the premises. I am so glad of that rule its make me breathe freely as I walk into the ancient forest. Thanks to the UK government take serious on it. Every Monday the pub also provided space for everybody

language. From women to gay people have right but Robby don't have one. Maybe they think he couldn't speak or maybe he just an animal and he have feeling like us as well. He is one of millions cat saved living with us and another millions of his friends in vivisections or in the slaughter house. We love him very much and we want to protect him as we leave plates off for good. He very lucky, he stayed with us and we can take care of him.

I'm so sleepy and I need to go to bed. Suddenly, I saw him already on the bed. Robby very good friend of mine and we slept together. Last night I couldn't sleep because Robby makes snoring again. I speak properly to him "please don't make any snoring anymore Robby". I don't know he understands or not . Mostly every night is horrible thing happen to me. I couldn't sleep very well. Firstly, Robby annoying me with play loud music by snoring and secondly I'm so hungry but I'm so proud of him because he wakes me up on this morning. I pull up the curtain and I look at outside the window was sunny, so that's why he wake me up to enjoy the sunshine. I miss Emily, Adam and Robby so much. I love you guys too. Thank so much to them to let me stay at their house on cold winter.

MISERABLE COLD WINTER IN NORTH YORKSHIRE